THE

DUELLIST.

[Price Half a Crown.]

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[Price 1½d. a Crown.]

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A POEM.

IN

THREE BOOKS.

BY

C. CHURCHILL.

The SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for G. KEARSLY, oppoſite St. Martin's Church, Ludgate-Street; W. FLEXNEY, near Gray's-Inn Gate, Holborn; J. COOTE, in Paternoſter-Row; C. HENDERSON, at the Royal-Exchange; J. GARDINER, in Charles-Street, Weſtminſter; and J. ALMON, in Piccadilly.

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THE DUELLIST.

BOOK I.

THE Clock ſtruck twelve, o'er half the globe
Darkneſs had ſpread her pitchy robe;
MORPHEUS, his feet with velvet ſhod,
Treading as if in fear he trod,
Gentle as dews at Even-tide,
Diſtill'd his poppies far and wide.

Ambition, who, when waking, dreams
Of mighty, but phantaſtic, ſchemes,
Who, when aſleep, ne'er knows that reſt
With which the humbler ſoul is bleſt,
Was building caſtles in the air,
Goodly to look upon, and fair,
But, on a bad foundation laid,
Doom'd at return of Morn to fade.

Pale Study, by the taper's light,
Wearing away the watch of night,
Sat reading, but, with o'ercharg'd head,
Remember'd nothing that he read.

Starving 'midſt plenty, with a face
Which might the Court of Famine grace,
Ragged, and filthy to behold,
Grey Av'rice nodded o'er his gold.

Jealousy, his quick eye half-clos'd,
With watchings worn, reluctant doz'd,
And, mean diſtruſt not quite forgot,
Slumber'd as if he ſlumber'd not.

Stretch'd

Stretch'd at his length on the bare ground,
His hardy offspring ſleeping round,
Snor'd *reſtleſs* LABOUR; by his ſide
Lay Health, a coarſe, but comely Bride.

VIRTUE, without the Doctor's aid,
In the ſoft arms of ſleep was laid,
Whilſt VICE, within the guilty breaſt,
Could not be phyſic'd into reſt.

Thou Bloody Man! whoſe ruffian knife
Is drawn againſt thy neighbour's life,
And never ſcruples to deſcend
Into the boſom of a friend,
A firm, faſt friend, by vice allied,
And to thy *ſecret* ſervice tied,
In whom ten Murders breed no awe,
If properly ſecur'd from law;
Thou Man of Luſt! whom paſſion fires
To foulest deeds, whoſe hot deſires
O'er honeſt bars with eaſe make way,
Whilſt *Ideot* Beauty falls a prey,
And, to indulge thy brutal flame,
A LUCRECE muſt be brought to ſhame,

Who

Who doſt, a brave, bold Sinner, bear
Rank inceſt to the open air,
And rapes, full-blown upon thy crown,
Enough to weigh a nation down;
Thou Similar of Luſt! vain man,
Whoſe reſtleſs thoughts ſtill form the plan
Of guilt, which, wither'd to the root,
Thy lifeleſs nerves can't execute,
Whilſt, in thy marrowleſs, dry bones,
Deſire without Enjoyment groans;
Thou Perjur'd Wretch! whom Falſhood cloaths
E'en like a garment, who with oaths
Doſt trifle, as with brokers, meant
To ſerve thy ev'ry vile intent,
In the Day's broad and ſearching eye
Making God witneſs to a lye,
Blaſpheming Heav'n and Earth for pelf,
And hanging *friends* to ſave thyſelf;
Thou Son of Chance! whoſe glorious ſoul
On the four aces doom'd to roll,
Was never yet with Honour caught,
Nor on poor Virtue loſt one thought,
Who doſt thy *Wife*, thy *Children* ſet,
Thy *All* upon a ſingle bet,

Riſquing

Riſquing, the deſp'rate ſtake to try,
Here and *Hereafter* on a die,
Who, thy own private fortune loſt,
Doſt game on at thy Country's coſt,
And, grown expert in Sharping rules,
Firſt fool'd thyſelf, now prey'ſt on fools;
Thou Noble Gameſter! whoſe high place
Gives too much credit to diſgrace,
Who, with the motion of a die,
Doſt make a mighty Iſland fly,
The Sums, I mean, of good *French* gold
For which a mighty Iſland ſold;
Who doſt *betray intelligence*,
Abuſe the *deareſt confidence*,
And, private fortune to create,
Moſt falſely play the game of State;
Who doſt within the *Alley* ſport
Sums, which might beggar a whole Court,
And make us Bankrupts all, if CARR,
With good *Earl* TALBOT, was not there;
Thou daring Infidel! whom pride
And Sin have drawn from Reaſon's ſide,
Who, fearing his avengeful rod,
Doſt wiſh not to believe a God,

Whoſe Hope is founded on a plan,
Which ſhould diſtract the ſoul of man,
And make him curſe his abject birth;
Whoſe Hope is, once return'd to earth,
There to lie down, for worms a feaſt,
To rot and periſh, like a Beaſt;
Who doſt, of puniſhment afraid,
And by thy crimes a Coward made,
To ev'ry gen'rous ſoul a Curſe,
Than Hell and all her torments worſe,
When crawling to thy latter end,
Call on deſtruction as a friend,
Chuſing to crumble into duſt
Rather than riſe, tho' riſe You muſt;
Thou Hypocrite! who doſt prophane,
And take the Patriot's name in vain,
Then moſt thy Country's foe, when moſt
Of Love and Loyalty You boaſt;
Who for the filthy love of Gold,
Thy Friend, thy King, thy God haſt ſold,
And, mocking the juſt claim of Hell,
Were bidders found, thyſelf would'ſt ſell;
Ye Villains! of whatever name,
Whatever rank, to whom the claim

Of Hell is certain, on whoſe lids
That worm, which never dies, forbids
Sweet Sleep to fall, *Come* and *Behold*,
Whilſt Envy makes your blood run Cold,
Behold, by pitileſs Conſcience led,
So JUSTICE wills, that holy bed,
Where PEACE her full dominion keeps,
And INNOCENCE with HOLLAND ſleeps.

Bid Terror, poſting on the wind,
Affray the ſpirits of mankind,
Bid Earthquakes, heaving for a vent,
Rive their concealing continent,
And, forcing an untimely birth
Thro' the vaſt bowels of the earth,
Endeavour, in her monſtrous womb,
At once all Nature to entomb;
Bid all that's horrible, and dire,
All that man hates and fears, conſpire
To make night hideous, as they can;
Still is thy ſleep, Thou Virtuous Man,
Pure as the thoughts, which in thy breaſt
Inhabit, and enſure thy reſt;

Still ſhall thy AYLIFF, taught, tho' late,
Thy friendly juſtice in his fate,
Turn'd to a guardian Angel, ſpread
Sweet dreams of comfort round thy head.

Dark was the Night, by fate decreed
For the contrivance of a deed
More black than common, which might make
This land from her foundations ſhake,
Might tear up Freedom by the root,
Deſtroy a WILKES, and fix a BUTE.

Deep Horror held her wide domain;
The ſky in ſullen drops of rain
Forewept the morn, and thro' the air,
Which, op'ning, laid his boſom bare,
Loud Thunders roll'd, and Light'ning ſtream'd;
The Owl at Freedom's window ſcream'd,
The Screech-Owl, prophet dire, whoſe breath
Brings ſickneſs, and whoſe note is death;
The Church-Yard teem'd, and from the tomb,
All Sad and Silent, thro' the gloom,
The Ghoſts of Men, in former times
Whoſe Public Virtues were their crimes,

Indignant

Indignant ſtalk'd; Sorrow and Rage
Blank'd their pale cheek; in his own age
The prop of Freedom, HAMPDEN there
Felt after death the gen'rous care;
SIDNEY by grief from Heav'n was kept,
And for his brother Patriot wept;
All Friends of LIBERTY, when Fate
Prepar'd to ſhorten WILKES's date,
Heav'd, deeply hurt, the heart-felt groan,
And knew that wound to be their own.

Hail, LIBERTY! a glorious word,
In other countries ſcarcely heard,
Or heard but as a thing of courſe,
Without or Energy or Force;
Here felt, enjoy'd, ador'd, ſhe ſprings,
Far, far beyond the reach of Kings,
Freſh blooming from our Mother Earth;
With Pride and Joy ſhe owns her birth
Deriv'd from us, and in return
Bids in our breaſts her Genius burn;
Bids us with all thoſe bleſſings live
Which LIBERTY alone can give,

Or nobly with that Spirit die,
Which makes Death more than Victory.

Hail thoſe Old Patriots, on whoſe tongue
Perſuaſion in the Senate hung,
Whilſt They this ſacred Cauſe maintain'd!
Hail thoſe Old Chiefs, to Honour train'd,
Who ſpread, when other methods fail'd,
War's bloody banner, and prevail'd!
Shall Men like theſe unmention'd ſleep,
Promiſcuous with the common heap,
And (Gratitude forbid the crime)
Be carried down the ſtream of time
In Shoals, unnotic'd and forgot,
On LETHE's ſtream, like flags, to rot?
No—they ſhall live, and each fair name,
Recorded in the book of fame,
Founded on Honour's baſis, faſt
As the round Earth, to ages laſt.
Some Virtues vaniſh with our breath,
Virtue like this lives after death.
Old Time himſelf, his ſcythe thrown by,
Himſelf loſt in Eternity,

An everlaſting crown ſhall twine
To make a WILKES and SIDNEY join.

But ſhould ſome ſlave-got Villain dare
Chains for his Country to prepare,
And, by his birth to ſlav'ry broke,
Make her to feel the galling yoke,
May he be evermore accurs'd,
Amongſt bad men be rank'd the worſt;
May he be ſtill himſelf, and ſtill
Go on in Vice, and perfect Ill;
May his broad crimes each day increaſe,
Till he can't Live, nor Die in Peace;
May he be plung'd ſo deep in ſhame
That S—— may'nt endure his name,
And hear, ſcarce crawling on the earth,
His children curſe him for their birth;
May LIBERTY, beyond the grave,
Ordain him to be ſtill a ſlave,
Grant him what here he moſt requires,
And damn him with his own deſires!

But ſhould ſome Villain, in ſupport
And zeal for a deſpairing Court,

Placing

Placing in Craft his confidence,
And making Honour a pretence
To do a deed of deepeſt ſhame,
Whilſt filthy lucre is his aim;
Should ſuch a Wretch, with ſword or knife,
Contrive to practiſe 'gainſt the life
Of One, who honour'd thro' the land,
For Freedom made a glorious ſtand,
Whoſe chief, perhaps his only crime,
Is (if plain Truth at ſuch a time
May dare her ſentiments to tell)
That He his Country loves too well;
May He—but words are all too weak
The feelings of my heart to ſpeak—
May He—O for a noble curſe
Which might his very marrow pierce—
The general contempt engage,
And be the MARTIN of his age.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE DUELLIST.

BOOK II.

DEEP in the boſom of a wood,
Out of the road, a Temple ſtood;
Antient, and much the worſe for wear,
It call'd aloud for quick repair,
And, tottering from ſide to ſide,
Menac'd deſtruction far and wide,

Nor able ſeem'd, unleſs made ſtronger,
To hold out four or five years longer.
Four hundred pillars, from the ground
Riſing in order, *moſt* unſound,
Some rotten to the heart, aloof
Seem'd to ſupport the tott'ring roof,
But, to inſpection nearer laid,
Inſtead of giving, wanted aid,

The Structure, rare and curious, made
By Men moſt famous in their trade,
A work of years, Admir'd by all,
Was ſuffer'd into duſt to fall,
Or, juſt to make it hang together,
And keep off the effects of weather,
Was patch'd and patch'd from time to time
By wretches, whom it were a crime,
A crime, which Art would treaſon hold,
To mention with thoſe names of old.

Builders, who had the pile ſurvey'd,
And thoſe not *Flitcrofts* in their trade,
Doubted (the wiſe hand in a doubt
Merely ſometimes to hand his out)

Whether (like Churches in a brief,
Taught wiſely to obtain relief
Thro' Chancery, who gives her fees
To this, and other Charities)
It muſt not, in all parts unſound,
Be ripp'd, and pull'd down to the ground;
Whether (tho' after-ages ne'er
Shall raiſe a building to compare)
Art, if they ſhould their Art employ,
Meant to preſerve, might not deſtroy.
As human Bodies, worn away,
Batter'd, and haſting to decay,
Bidding the pow'r of Art deſpair,
Cannot thoſe very medicines bear,
Which, and which only can reſtore,
And make them healthy as before.

To LIBERTY, whoſe gracious ſmile
Shed peace and plenty o'er the Iſle,
Our grateful Anceſtors, her plain
But faithful Children, rais'd this fane.

Full in the Front, ſtretch'd out in length,
Where Nature put forth all her ſtrength

In

In Spring Eternal, lay a plain,
Where our brave Fathers us'd to train
Their Sons to Arms, to teach the Art
Of War, and ſteel the infant heart.
Labour, their hardy Nurſe when young,
Their joints had knit, their nerves had ſtrung:
Abstinence, foe declar'd to death,
Had, from the time they firſt drew breath,
The beſt of Doctors, with plain food,
Kept pure the channel of their blood;
Health in their cheeks bad colour riſe,
And Glory ſparkled in their eyes.

The inſtruments of Huſbandry,
As in contempt, were all thrown by,
And, flattering a manly pride,
War's keener tools their place ſupplied.
Their arrows to the head they drew;
Swift to the point their javelins flew;
They graſp'd the ſword, They ſhook the ſpear;
Their Fathers felt a pleaſing fear,
And even Courage, ſtanding by,
Scarcely beheld with ſteady eye.

Each

Each Stripling, leſſon'd by his Sire,
Knew when to cloſe, when to retire,
When near at hand, when from afar
To fight, and was Himſelf a War.

Their Wives, their Mothers all around,
Careleſs of order, on the ground
Breath'd forth to Heav'n the pious vow,
And, for a Son's or Huſband's brow,
With eager fingers Laurel wove;
Laurel which, in the ſacred grove
Planted by Liberty, they find,
The brows of Conquerors to bind,
To give them Pride and Spirits, fit
To make a world in arms ſubmit.

What raptures did the boſom fire
Of the young, rugged, peaſant Sire,
When, from the toil of mimic fight,
Returning with return of Night,
He ſaw his babe reſign the breaſt,
And, ſmiling, ſtroke thoſe arms in jeſt,
With which hereafter he ſhall make
The proudeſt heart in GALLIA quake!

Gods! with what joy, what honeſt pride,
Did each ſond, wiſhing, ruſtic Bride
Behold her manly ſwain return!
How did her love-ſick boſom burn,
Tho' on Parades he was not bred,
Nor wore the livery of red,
When, Pleaſure height'ning all her charms,
She ſtrain'd her Warrior in her arms,
And begg'd, whilſt Love and Glory fire,
A Son, a Son juſt like his Sire!

Such were the Men in former times,
Ere Luxury had made our crimes
Our bitter Puniſhment, who bore
Their terrors to a foreign ſhore;
Such were the men, who, free from dread,
By EDWARDS and by HENRIES led,
Spread, like a torrent ſwell'd with rains,
O'er haughty Gallia's trembling plains;
Such were the Men, when luſt of Pow'r,
To work him woe, in evil hour
Debauch'd the Tyrant from thoſe ways,
On which a King ſhould found his praiſe,

When ſtern OPPRESSION, hand in hand
With PRIDE, ſtalk'd proudly thro' the land;
When weeping JUSTICE was miſled
From her fair courſe, and MERCY dead;
Such were the Men, in Virtue ſtrong,
Who dar'd not ſee their Country's wrong,
Who left the mattock, and the ſpade,
And, in the robes of War array'd,
In their rough arms, departing, took
Their helpleſs babes, and with a look
Stern and determin'd, ſwore to ſee
Thoſe babes no more, or ſee them free;
Such were the Men, whom Tyrant Pride
Could never faſten to his ſide
By threats or bribes, who, Freemen born,
Chains, tho' of gold, beheld with ſcorn;
Who, free from ev'ry ſervile awe,
Could never be divorc'd from Law,
From that broad gen'ral Law, which Senſe
Made for the general defence;
Could never yield to partial ties
Which from dependant ſtations riſe;
Could never be to Slav'ry led,
For *Property* was at their head;

Such

Such were the Men in days of yore,
Who, call'd by Liberty, before
Her Temple, on the ſacred green,
In Martial paſtimes oft were ſeen—
Now ſeen no longer—in their ſtead,
To lazineſs and vermin bred,
A Race who, ſtrangers to the cauſe
Of Freedom, live by other laws,
In other motives fight, a prey
To intereſt, and ſlaves for pay.
VALOUR, how glorious on a plan
Of Honour founded, leads their Van;
DISCRETION, free from taint of fear,
Cool, but reſolv'd, brings up their rear,
DISCRETION, VALOUR's better half;
DEPENDANCE holds the Gen'ral's Staff.

In plain and home-ſpun garb array'd,
Not for vain ſhew, but ſervice made,
In a green flouriſhing old age,
Not damn'd yet with an Equipage,
In rules of *Porterage* untaught,
SIMPLICITY, not worth a groat,

For

For years had kept the Temple door;
Full on his breaſt a glaſs he wore,
Thro' which his boſom open lay
To ev'ry one who paſs'd that way.
Now turn'd adrift—with humbler face
But prouder heart, his vacant place
CORRUPTION fills, and bears the key;
No entrance now without a fee.

With belly round, and full, fat face,
Which on the houſe reflected grace,
Full of good fare, and honeſt glee,
The *Steward* HOSPITALITY,
Old WELCOME, ſmiling by his ſide,
A good, old Servant, often tried
And faithful found, who kept in view
His Lady's fame and int'reſt too,
Who made each heart with joy rebound,
Yet never run her State a-ground,
Was turn'd off, or (which word I find
Is more in modern uſe) *reſign'd.*

Half-ſtarv'd, half-ſtarving others, bred
In beggary, with carrion fed,

Deteſted, and deteſting all,
Made up of Avarice and Gall,
Boaſting great thrift, yet waſting more
Than ever Steward did before,
Succeeded One, who, to engage
The praiſe of an exhauſted age,
Aſſum'd a name of high degree,
And call'd himſelf OECONOMY.

Within the Temple, full in ſight,
Where, without ceaſing, day and night,
The Workmen toil'd, where LABOUR bar'd
Her brawny arm, where ART prepar'd,
In regular and even rows,
Her types, a *Printing-Preſs* aroſe;
Each Workman knew his taſk, and each
Was honeſt, and expert as LEACH.

Hence LEARNING ſtruck a deeper root;
And SCIENCE brought forth riper fruit;
Hence LOYALTY receiv'd ſupport,
Even when baniſh'd from the Court;
Hence GOVERNMENT was ſtrength; and *hence*
RELIGION ſought, and found defence;

Hence ENGLAND's faireſt fame aroſe,
And LIBERTY ſubdued her foes.

On a low, ſimple, turf-made throne,
Rais'd by *Allegiance*, ſcarcely known
From her Attendants, glad to be
Pattern of that Equality
She wiſh'd to all, ſo far as cou'd
Safely conſiſt with ſocial good,
The GODDESS ſat; around her head
A chearful radiance GLORY ſpread;
COURAGE, a Youth of royal race,
Lovelily ſtern, poſſeſs'd a place.
On her left-hand, and on her right
Sat HONOUR, cloath'd with robes of Light;
Before Her MAGNA CHARTA lay,
Which ſome great Lawyer, of his day
The PRATT, was offic'd to explain,
And make the baſis of her reign;
PEACE, crown'd with Olive, to her breaſt
Two ſmiling, twin-born infants preſt;
At her feet couching, War was laid,
And with a brindled Lion play'd;

JUSTICE

JUSTICE and MERCY, hand in hand,
Joint Guardians of the happy land,
Together held their mighty charge,
And TRUTH walk'd all about at large;
HEALTH, for the royal troop the feaſt
Prepar'd, and VIRTUE was High Prieſt.

Such was the fame our *Goddeſs* bore;
Her Temple ſuch in days of yore.
What changes ruthleſs Time preſents!
Behold her ruin'd battlements,
Her walls decay'd, her nodding ſpires,
Her altars broke, her dying fires,
Her name deſpis'd, her Prieſts deſtroy'd,
Her friends diſgrac'd, her foes employ'd,
Herſelf (by *Miniſterial* arts
Depriv'd e'en of the people's hearts,
Whilſt They, to work her furer woe,
Feign her to Monarchy a foe)
Exil'd by grief, ſelf-doom'd to dwell
With ſome poor Hermit in a cell,
Or, that retirement tedious grown,
If ſhe walks forth, She walks *unknown*,

Hooted,

Hooted, and pointed at with ſcorn,
As One in ſome ſtrange Country born.

Behold a rude and ruffian race,
A band of ſpoilers, ſeize her place;
With looks, which might the heart diſ-ſeat,
And make like ſound a quick retreat,
To rapine from the cradle bred,
A *Staunch*, *Old Blood-hound* at their head,
Who, free from Virtue and from Awe,
Knew none but the bad part of Law,
They rov'd at large; each, on his breaſt
Mark'd with a *Grey-hound*, ſtood confeſt.
CONTROULMENT waited on their nod,
High-wielding Perſecution's rod,
CONFUSION follow'd at their heels,
And a *caſt Stateſman* held the Seals,
Thoſe Seals, for which he dear ſhall pay,
When awful JUSTICE takes her day.

The Printers ſaw—they ſaw and fled—
SCIENCE, declining, hung her head,
PROPERTY in deſpair appear'd,
And for herſelf deſtruction fear'd;

Whilſt, under-foot, the rude ſlaves trod
The works of men, and word of God,
Whilſt, cloſe behind, on many a book,
In which he never deigns to look,
Which he did not, nay—could not read,
A *bold*, *bad* man (by pow'r decreed
For that bad end, who in the dark
Scorn'd to do miſchief) ſet his mark
In the full day, the mark of Hell,
And on the Goſpel ſtamp'd an L.

Liberty fled, her Friends withdrew,
Her Friends, a faithful, choſen few;
Honour in grief threw up, and Shame,
Cloathing herſelf with Honour's name,
Uſurp'd his ſtation; on the throne,
Which Liberty once call'd her own,
(Gods, that ſuch mighty ills ſhould ſpring,
Under ſo great, ſo good a King,
So Lov'd, ſo Loving, thro' the arts
Of Stateſmen, curs'd with wicked hearts!)
For ev'ry darker purpoſe fit,
Behold in triumph State-Craft ſit.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE DUELLIST.

BOOK III.

AH Me! what mighty perils wait
The Man who meddles with a State,
Whether to ſtrengthen, or oppoſe!
Falſe are his friends, and firm his foes.
How muſt his Soul, once ventur'd in,
Plunge blindly on from ſin to ſin!
What toils he ſuffers, what diſgrace,
To get, and then to keep a place!

How

How often, whether wrong or right,
Muſt he in jeſt, or earneſt fight,
Riſquing for thoſe both life and limb,
Who would not riſque one groat for him!

Under the Temple lay a Cave;
Made by ſome guilty, coward ſlave,
Whoſe actions fear'd rebuke, a maze
Of intricate and winding ways,
Not to be found without a clue;
One Paſſage only, known to few,
In paths direct led to a Cell,
Where FRAUD in ſecret lov'd to dwell,
With all her tools and ſlaves about her,
Nor fear'd leſt Honeſty ſhould rout her.

In a dark corner, ſhunning ſight
Of Man, and ſhrinking from the light,
One dull, dim taper thro' the Cell
Glimm'ring to make more horrible
The face of darkneſs, She prepares,
Working unſeen, all kinds of ſnares,
With curious, but deſtructive art;
Here, thro' the eye to catch the heart,

Gay

Gay *Stars* their tinſel beams afford,
Neat artifice to trap a Lord;
There, fit for all whom Folly bred,
Wave *Plumes* of *Feathers* for the head;
Garters the Hag contrives to make,
Which, as it ſeems, a babe might break,
But which ambitious Madmen feel
More firm and ſure than chains of ſteel,
Which, ſlipp'd juſt underneath the knee,
Forbid a Freeman to be free;
Purſes She knew (did ever curſe
Travel more ſure than in a purſe?)
Which, by ſome ſtrange and magic bands
Enſlave the ſoul, and tye the hands.

Here FLATT'RY, eldeſt born of guile,
Weaves with rare ſkill the ſilken ſmile,
The courtly cringe, the ſupple bow,
The private ſqueeze, the Levee vow,
With which, no ſtrange or recent caſe,
Fools *in* deceive Fools *out* of place.

CORRUPTION (who, in former times,
Thro' fear or ſhame conceal'd her crimes,

And what She did, contriv'd to do it
So that the Public might not view it)
Presumptuous grown, unfit was held
For their dark councils, and expell'd,
Since in the day her business might
Be done as safe as in the night.

Her eye down-bending to the ground,
Planning some dark and deadly wound,
Holding a dagger, on which stood,
All fresh and reeking, drops of blood,
Bearing a lanthorn, which of yore,
By TREASON borrow'd, GUY FAWKES bore,
By which, since they improv'd in trade,
Excisemen have their lanthorns made;
ASSASSINATION, her whole mind:
Blood-thirsting, on her arm reclin'd.
Death, grinning, at her elbow stood,
And held forth instruments of blood;
Vile instruments, which cowards chuse;
But Men of Honour dare not use;
Around, his Lordship and his Grace,
Both qualified for such a place,

With many a FORBES, and many a DUN,
Each a reſolv'd, and pious Son,
Wait her high bidding; Each prepar'd
As She around her orders ſhar'd,
Proof 'gainſt remorſe, to run, to fly,
And bid the deſtin'd victim die,
Poſting on Villainy's black wing,
Whether He Patriot is, or King.

OPPRESSION, willing to appear
An object of our love, not fear,
Or at the moſt a rev'rend awe
To breed, uſurp'd the garb of LAW.
A Book ſhe held, on which her eyes
Were deeply fix'd, whence ſeem'd to riſe
Joy in her breaſt; a Book, of might
Moſt wonderful, which black to white
Could turn, and without help of laws,
Could make the worſe the better cauſe.
She read, by flatt'ring hopes deceiv'd,
She wiſh'd, and what She wiſh'd, believ'd,
To make that Book for ever ſtand
The rule of wrong through all the land;

On

On the back, fair and worthy note,
At large was MAGNA CHARTA wrote,
But turn your eye within, and read,
A bitter leſſon, N——'s CREED.
Ready, e'en with a look, to run,
Faſt as the courſers of the Sun,
To worry Virtue, at her hand
Two half-ſtarv'd Greyhounds took their ſtand;
A curious model, cut in wood,
Of a moſt antient Caſtle ſtood
Full in her view; the gates were barr'd,
And Soldiers on the watch kept guard;
In the Front, openly, in Black
Was wrote The Tow'r, but on the back,
Mark'd with a Secretary's ſeal,
In bloody Letters, The BASTILE.

Around a Table, fully bent
On miſchief of moſt black intent
Deeply determin'd, that their reign
Might longer laſt, to work the bane
Of one firm Patriot, whoſe heart, tied
To Honour, all their pow'r defied,

And

And brought thoſe actions into light
They wiſh'd to have conceal'd in Night.
Begot, Born, Bred to infamy,
A Privy-Council ſat of THREE,
Great were their names, of high repute
And favour thro' the land of BUTE.

The FIRST (entitled to the place
Of Honour both by Gown and Grace,
Who never let occaſion ſlip
To take right-hand of fellowſhip,
And was ſo proud, that ſhould he meet
The twelve Apoſtles in the ſtreet,
He'd turn his noſe up at them all,
And ſhove his Saviour from the wall;
Who was ſo mean (Meanneſs and Pride
Still go together ſide by ſide)
That he would cringe, and creep, be civil,
And hold a ſtirrup for the Devil,
If in a journey to his mind,
He'd let him mount, and ride behind;
Who baſely fawn'd thro' all his life,
For *Patrons* firſt, then for a *Wife*,

Wrote *Dedications* which muſt make
The heart of ev'ry Chriſtian quake,
Made one Man equal to, or more
Than God, then left him as before
His God he left, and drawn by Pride,
Shifted about to t'other ſide)
Was by his ſire a Parſon made,
Merely to give the Boy a trade,
But he himſelf was thereto drawn
By ſome faint omens of the Lawn,
And on the truly Chriſtian plan
To make himſelf a Gentleman,
A title, in which form array'd him,
Tho' Fate ne'er thought on't when She made him.

The Oaths he took, 'tis very true,
But took them, as all wiſe men do,
With an intent, if things ſhould turn,
Rather to temporize, than burn.
Goſpel and Loyalty were made
To ſerve the purpoſes of trade,
Religion's are but paper ties,
Which bind the fool, but which the wiſe,

Such idle notions far above,
Draw on and off, juſt like a glove;
All Gods, all Kings (let his great aim
Be anſwer'd) were to him the ſame.

A Curate firſt, he read and read,
And laid in, whilſt he ſhould have fed
The ſouls of his neglected flock,
Of reading ſuch a mighty ſtock,
That he o'ercharg'd the weary brain
With more than She could well contain,
More than She was with Spirits fraught
To turn, and methodize to thought,
And which, like ill-digeſted food,
To humours turn'd, and not to blood.
Brought up to London, from the plow
And Pulpit, how to make a bow
He try'd to learn, he grew polite,
And was the Poet's Paraſite.
With Wits converſing (and Wits then
Were to be found 'mongſt Noblemen)
He caught, or would have caught the flame,
And would be nothing, or the ſame;

He drank with drunkards, liv'd with Sinners,
Herded with Infidels for dinners,
With ſuch an Emphaſis and Grace
Blaſphem'd, that PORTER kept not pace;
He, in the higheſt reign of noon,
Bawl'd bawdry ſongs to a Pſalm Tune,
Liv'd with Men infamous and vile,
Truck'd his ſalvation for a ſmile,
To catch their humour caught their plan,
And laugh'd at God to laugh with Man,
Prais'd them, when living, in each breath,
And damn'd their mem'ries after death.

To prove his Faith, which all admit
Is at leaſt equal to his Wit,
And make himſelf a Man of note,
He in defence of Scripture wrote;
So long he wrote, and long about it,
That e'en Believers 'gan to doubt it;
He wrote too of the inward light,
Tho' no one knew how he came by't,
And of that influencing grace,
Which in his life ne'er found a place;

He

He wrote too of the Holy Ghoſt,
Of whom, no more than of a Poſt
He knew, nor, ſhould an Angel ſhew him,
Would He or know, or chuſe to know him.

Next (for he knew 'twixt ev'ry Science
There was a natural alliance)
He wrote, t'advance his Maker's praiſe,
Comments on rhimes, and notes on plays,
And with an all-ſufficient air
Plac'd himſelf in the Critic's chair,
Uſurp'd o'er Reaſon full dominion,
And govern'd merely by opinion.
At length dethron'd, and kept in awe
By one plain ſimple Man of Law,
He arm'd dead Friends, to Vengeance true,
T'abuſe the Man they never knew.

Examine ſtrictly all mankind,
Moſt Characters are mix'd we find,
And Vice and Virtue take their turn
In the ſame breaſt to beat and burn.
Our Prieſt was an exception here,
Nor did one ſpark of grace appear,

Not one dull, dim ſpark in his ſoul;
Vice, glorious Vice poſſeſs'd the whole,
And, in her ſervice truly warm,
He was in ſin moſt uniform.

Injurious *Satire*, own at leaſt
One ſniveling Virtue in the Prieſt,
One ſniveling Virtue which is plac'd,
They ſay, in or about the waiſt,
Call'd CHASTITY; the Prudiſh Dame
Knows it at large by Virtue's name.
To this his Wife (and in theſe days
Wives ſeldom without reaſon praiſe)
Bears evidence—then calls her child,
And ſwears that TOM was vaſtly wild.

Ripen'd by a long courſe of years,
He great and perfect now appears.
In Shape ſcarce of the human kind;
A Man, without a manly mind;
No Huſband, tho' he's truly wed;
Tho' on his knees a child is bred,
No Father; injur'd, without end
A Foe; and, tho' oblig'd, no Friend;

A Heart, which Virtue ne'er diſgrac'd;
A Head, where Learning runs to waſte;
A Gentleman well-bred, if breeding
Reſts in the article of reading;
A Man of this World, for the next
Was ne'er included in his text;
A Judge of Genius, tho' confeſt
With not one ſpark of Genius bleſt;
Amongſt the firſt of Critics plac'd,
Tho' free from ev'ry taint of Taſte;
A Chriſtian without faith or works,
As he would be a Turk 'mongſt Turks;
A great Divine, as Lords agree,
Without the leaſt Divinity;
To crown all, in declining age,
Enflam'd with Church and Party-rage,
Behold him, full and perfect quite,
A falſe Saint, and true Hypocrite.

Next ſat a *Lawyer*, often tried
In perilous extremes; when pride
And Pow'r, all wild and trembling, ſtood,
Nor dar'd to tempt the raging flood;

This bold, bad Man aroſe to view,
And gave his hand to help them through,
Steel'd 'gainſt Compaſſion, as they paſt,
He ſaw poor Freedom breathe her laſt,
He ſaw her ſtruggle, heard her groan,
He ſaw her helpleſs and alone,
Whelm'd in that ſtorm, which, fear'd and prais'd
By ſlaves leſs bold, himſelf had rais'd.

Bred to the Law, he from the firſt
Of all bad Lawyers was the worſt.
Perfection (for bad men maintain
In ill we may perfection gain)
In others is a work of time,
And they creep on from crime to crime,
He, for a Prodigy deſign'd
To ſpread amazement o'er mankind,
Started, full-ripen'd all at once
A Perfect Knave, and Perfect Dunce.

Who will for him may boaſt of Senſe,
His better guard is Impudence.
His front, with ten-fold plates of braſs
Secur'd, SHAME never yet could paſs,

Nor

Nor on the ſurface of his ſkin,
Bluſh for that guilt which dwelt within.
How often, in contempt of Laws,
To ſound the bottom of a cauſe,
To ſearch out ev'ry rotten part,
And worm into its very heart,
Hath he ta'en briefs on falſe pretence,
And undertaken the defence
Of truſting Fools, whom in the end
He meant to ruin, not defend?
How often, e'en in open Court,
Hath the wretch made his ſhame his ſport,
And laugh'd off, with a Villain's eaſe,
Throwing up briefs, and keeping fees?
Such things, as, tho' to roguery bred,
Had ſtruck a little Villain dead.

Cauſes, whatever their import,
He undertakes to ſerve a Court;
For he by heart this rule had got,
Pow'r can effect, what Law cannot.

Fools He forgives, but rogues he fears;
If Genius, yok'd with Worth, appears,

His weak ſoul ſickens at the ſight,
And ſtrives to plunge them down in night.

So loud he talks, ſo very loud,
He is an Angel with the crowd,
Whilſt he makes Juſtice hang her head,
And Judges turn from pale to red.

Bid all that Nature, on a plan
Moſt intimate, makes dear to Man,
All that with grand and gen'ral ties
Binds good and bad, the Fool and Wiſe,
Knock at his heart; They knock in vain;
No entrance there ſuch Suitors gain.
Bid kneeling Kings forſake the throne;
Bid at his feet his Country groan;
Bid Liberty ſtretch out her hands,
Religion plead her ſtronger bands;
Bid Parents, Children, Wife, and Friends;
If they come thwart his private ends,
Unmov'd he hears the gen'ral call,
And bravely tramples on them all.

Who will, for him, may cant and whine,
And let weak Conſcience with her line

Chalk

Chalk out their ways; ſuch ſtarving rules
Are only fit for coward fools,
Fellows who credit what Prieſts tell,
And tremble at the thoughts of Hell;
His Spirit dares contend with Grace,
And meets Damnation face to face.

Such was our *Lawyer*; by his ſide
In all bad qualities allied,
In all bad Counſels, ſat a *Third*,
By birth a Lord; O ſacred word!
O word moſt ſacred, whence Men get
A Privilege to run in debt,
Whence They at large exemption claim
From Satire, and her ſervant Shame;
Whence They, depriv'd of all her force,
Forbid bold Truth to hold her courſe.

Conſult his perſon, dreſs, and air,
He ſeems, which ſtrangers well might ſwear,
The Maſter, or by *Courteſy*,
The Captain of a Colliery.
Look at his viſage, and agree
Half-hang'd he ſeems, juſt from the Tree

Eſcap'd; a Rope may ſometimes break,
Or Men be cut down by miſtake.

He hath not Virtue (in the ſchool
Of Vice bred up) to live by rule,
Nor hath he Senſe (which none can doubt
Who know the Man) to live without.
His life is a continued ſcene
Of all that's infamous and mean;
He knows not change, unleſs grown nice
And delicate, from vice to vice;
Nature deſign'd him, in a rage,
To be the WHARTON of his age,
But, having given all the Sin,
Forgot to put the Virtues in.
To run a horſe, to make a match,
To revel deep, to roar a catch,
To knock a tott'ring watchman down,
To ſweat a woman of the Town,
By fits to keep the Peace, or break it,
In turn to give a Pox, or take it,
He is, in faith, moſt excellent,
And in the Word's moſt full intent,
A true Choice Spirit we admit;
With Wits a Fool, with Fools a Wit;

Hear him but talk, and You would ſwear
Obscenity herſelf was there;
And that Prophaneness had made choice,
By way of Trump, to uſe his Voice;
That, in all mean and low things great,
He had been bred at *Biling ſgate*,
And that, aſcending to the earth
Before the Seaſon of his birth,
Blasphemy, making way and room,
Had mark'd him in his Mother's womb;
Too honeſt (for the worſt of men
In forms are honeſt now and then)
Not to have, in the uſual way,
His Bills ſent in; Too great, to pay;
Too proud, to ſpeak to, if he meets
The honeſt Tradeſman whom he cheats;
Too infamous to have a friend,
Too bad for bad men to commend,
Or Good to name; beneath whoſe weight
Earth groans, who hath been ſpar'd by Fate
Only to ſhew, on Mercy's plan,
How far and long God bears with Man.

Such were the THREE, who, mocking ſleep,
At Midnight ſat, in Counſel deep,
Plotting deſtruction 'gainſt a head,
Whoſe Wiſdom could not be miſled;
Plotting deſtruction 'gainſt a heart,
Which ne'er from Honour would depart.

" Is He not rank'd amongſt our foes?
" Hath not his Spirit dar'd oppoſe
" Our deareſt meaſures, made our name
" Stand forward on the roll of ſhame?
" Hath he not won the vulgar tribes,
" By ſcorning menaces and bribes,
" And proving, that his darling cauſe
" Is of their Liberties and Laws
" To ſtand the Champion? in a word,
" Nor need one argument be heard
" Beyond this, to awake our zeal,
" To quicken our reſolves, and ſteel
" Our ſteady ſouls to bloody bent,
" (Sure ruin to each dear intent,
" Each flatt'ring hope) He, without fear,
" Hath dar'd to make the *Truth* appear."

They

They ſaid, and, by reſentment taught,
Each on revenge employ'd his thought,
Each, bent on miſchief, rack'd his brain
To her full ſtretch, but rack'd in vain;
Scheme after Scheme they brought to view;
All were examin'd, none would do.
When FRAUD, with pleaſure in her face,
Forth iſſued from her hiding place,
And at the table where they meet,
Firſt having bleſt them, took her ſeat.
" No trifling cauſe, my darling Boys,
" Your preſent thoughts and cares employs;
" No common ſnare, no random blow
" Can work the bane of ſuch a Foe,
" By Nature Cautious as he's Brave,
" To *Honour* only he's a ſlave;
" In that weak part without defence,
" We muſt to *Honour* make pretence;
" That Lure ſhall to his ruin draw
" The Wretch, who ſtands ſecure in Law.
" Nor think that I have idly plann'd
" This full-ripe ſcheme; behold at hand,
" With three months training on his head,
" An Inſtrument, whom I have bred,

" Born of theſe bowels, far from fight
" Of Virtue's falſe, but glaring Light,
" My youngeſt Born, my deareſt Joy,
" Moſt like myſelf, my darling Boy.
" He, never touch'd with vile remorſe,
" Reſolv'd and crafty in his courſe,
" Shall work our ends, complete our ſchemes,
" Moſt *Mine*, when moſt He *Honour*'s ſeems;
" Nor can be found, at home, abroad,
" So firm and full a ſlave of FRAUD."

She ſaid, and from each envious Son
A diſcontented Murmur ran
Around the Table; All in place
Thought his full praiſe their own diſgrace,
Wond'ring what Stranger She had got,
Who had one vice that they had not.
When ſtrait the portals open flew,
And, clad in armour, to their view
M——, the *Duelliſt*, came forth;
All knew, and all confeſt his worth,
All juſtified, with ſmiles array'd,
The happy choice their Dam had made.

11 : 7 : 19

THE END.